

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. F. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.

T. A. WALTON, Business Manager.

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## THE DELINQUENT.

One day last week while out and weary  
As we walked, weak and weary,  
Across the country,  
We heard at first a gentle tapping,  
Then it became an earnest tapping,  
At our window-pane.

"Come in!" we said, while yet we pondered,  
And in silence we still wondered  
What for we could be in store;  
Then, the door-bell gently tinging,  
In he walked. Our check was burning  
At the sight of his form.

"Are you the man that does the writing?"  
What word will rhyme with this but fighting?  
Quickly thought we, "O'er and o'er."  
"No, no," he said, "I am not he."  
"Then you will please give me a credit  
Opposite that little debt."

For two dollars, then,  
I like your penmanship, I think it  
As long as you will write it, I will  
Be glad to have it, I think it.

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## Watterson's Speech.

The following is a gist of Henry Watterson's speech before the Chicago Iroquois Club, which has been the cause of so much comment:

First of all, then, the democratic press must realize that there has been a deluge. Old things have been swept away. He who looks backward shall share the fate of Lot's wife; he alone who looks forward shall live, move and have a being. That the democratic party has survived the deluge is of a good augury. It tells us that its existence has been prolonged for some great purpose. It is for the democratic press to understand that within that purpose are bound up no reactions and no revenges. The democratic party can not come into power, and it ought not to come into power, as an avenging deity, still less a destroying angel. It must come in, if it comes in at all, as the party of action, not reaction, the party of reform, not redress, the party of today, not yesterday. Applying its energies to the adjustment of the country and itself to the new and extraordinary conditions which modern science, invention and research have wrought, whether the tinkle of the telephone is heard and the sparkle of the electric light is seen.

You will say that these are but glittering generalities, and lacking in specification. Sir, I will be specific. I mean "a tariff for revenue only." I mean the obliteration of navigation laws which have driven our flag from the high seas. I mean the divestment of the civil service from party service. I mean a careful and just revision of our national banking system—which I conceive the best banking system we have ever had, and which, with certain needful modifications, essential both to its preservation and the equities of taxation, I would relegate to the place in business where it belongs and whither it should have been sent long ago. I mean the reduction of the national debt to a thousand millions, where it should be funded and made perpetual. The people are being taxed too much. The debt is being paid too fast. All taxes should be levied with an eye solely to revenue, and no more revenue should be collected than is required to support the government and carry the debt.

The key to all these propositions—the pivot around which they are grouped and about which they turn—is to be found in that simple sentence, "A TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY." It is not my sentence. I neither invented it nor discovered it; though I would no more dream of compiling a democratic platform without it than I would think of issuing an edition of the New Testament without Christ's sermon on the mount. It is axiomatic, and taken bodily out of that magnificent enunciation of democratic principles—on which we won a glorious national victory—the matchless platform adopted in St. Louis in 1876. I would not surrender a word of it, nor a syllable. It expresses with precision the exact position of the party upon the tariff, that when the government gets its taxes, then and there the tax shall stop. Whatever "incidental protection" that affords—well, it affords, and let protectionists make the most of it. In truth, they had better; for protection, like slavery, is doomed; only, unlike slavery, it will no longer linger upon the stage of freedom. It cannot become a sectional issue, as slavery did. It can not get into religion, as slavery did. Yet it is as monstrous in every respect as slavery was. Looking back into that far-off time, it staggers the mind to contemplate how long the institution of slavery did stand against reason, common sense, humanity and public policy. All men now admit that there was not an argument to protect it. The present generation of men can but illy comprehend how it survived the agonies of a single general election. It is gone, thank God, and there is the end of it; but its history is full of instruction and warning. It tells us in thunder tones to beware of the sophistries, the arrogance and the power of oligarchy and to behold in the jobbery and robbery of protection a New SLAVERY, rearing its lofty head to threaten the people and curse the land.

Mr. Ragbag was only 23, when his eldest son was born. We remember the day well. We congratulated him. But he didn't seem very jolly. Not but what it was a fine boy, and Ragbag was wealthy, so a family was no burden to him. But he said: "Good Lord, old friend, just think of it! Here at the age of 23 I've got to begin setting a good example!" (Boston Post.)

After a too hearty dinner with some friends, Krauf stroiled upon the street, when a beggar approached saying, "Sir, I have eaten nothing since morning." "O fortunate being," returned Krauf, "try to loosen my waistband." "I have not the heart to destroy your happiness." (Elevated Railway Journal.)

It is said that to him who goes to law nine things are requisite: 1st, a law place; 2d, a good deal of money; 3d, a good deal of patience; 4th, a good cause; 5th, a good attorney; 6th, good counsel; 7th, a good jury; 8th, a good judge; and 9th, a good luck.

If you wish powerful slumber at night, in spite of much anxiety, take a dose of Brown's Iron Bitters before going to bed. It is very soothing and refreshing. Try it.

## Opening the Car Window.

Maybe a man feels happy and proud and flattered and envious and bloated among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window on a railway car, and he jumps up and gets in ahead of the other boys and says, "Allow me?" Oh, so courteously, and she says, "Oh, if you please; I would be so glad," and the other male passengers turn green with envy, and he leans over the back of the seat and tucks the window in a knowing way with one hand, if peradventure he may toss it airily with a simple turn of the wrist, but it kind of holds on, and he takes hold with both hands, and is sort of doesn't let go to any alarming extent, and then he pounds it with his fist, but it only seems to settle a "feeling closer into place," and then he comes around and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance, and he grapples that window and bows up his back, and tugs and pulls and sweats and strains, and his hat falls off, and his suspenders bottom fetch loose, and his vest buckle parts, and his face gets red, and his feet slip, and people laugh and irrelevant young men in remote seats grunt and groan every time he lifts, and cry out, "Now, then, all together!" as if in mockery, and he bursts his collar at the forward button, and the pretty young lady, vexed at having been made so conspicuous, says, in her iciest manner, "Oh, never mind, thank you; it doesn't make any difference," and then calmly goes away and sits down in another seat, and that worried man gathers himself together and reads a book upside down—oh! doesn't he feel good, just? Maybe he isn't happy, but if you think he isn't don't be fool enough to extend any of your sympathy. He doesn't want any.—[Burdette.]

## The New Arithmetic.

A merchant bought four barrels of sugar, seven barrels of molasses and two barrels of meal. Find what per cent of beans he mixed with his coffee. A beggar met two boys; one gave him seven cents and the other gave him eight cents. Find the name of the third boy who hit him in the ear with a snowball. A county of five hundred square miles of land, purchased two horses for \$500, a carriage for \$400, a set of silver for \$200, four silk dresses for his wife at \$50 each, and played poker to the tune of \$180. How much did he save out of his year's salary, and what is the county going to do about it? A mother, standing at the gate called to her boy, who is exactly sixty-eight feet distant. It takes two minutes and twenty-two seconds for the sound to reach him. Find from this the velocity with which a woman's voice travels. A woman earned forty-two cents per day by washing, supported a husband who consumed \$4 worth of provisions per week. How much was she in debt at the end of each month up to the time he was sent to the workhouse? A farmer agreed to give his son four and one-half acres of land for every cord of wood he chopped. The son chopped three sevenths of a cord and broke the axe and went off hunting rabbits. How much was he entitled to?—[Free Press.]

## A Touch of Nature.

"John," said the old man's brow was dark as a thunder cloud, "where were you so late last night?" "I went to see the young lady to whom I had paying my address, father."

"She must have been very interesting to have kept you out so long. Now let me tell you, don't let it happen again—you must and shall stop that nonsense."

"Oh, father, if you only knew my Maria, you would not say that. If you had seen her last night as she stood beside me, so glorious in her fresh young beauty, with the soft light of her splendid eyes shining into mine, if you could have seen her take her lily white hand and press it, oh, so softly, and steal my arm around her tapering waist and draw her gently to me; and as her dear head sank upon my shoulder, and her sweet lips were upturned toward me, I—"

"You John—stop, you dog—do go, ahead—tell over the old, old story. How memory goes back as I listen. But, John, again my boy—stay as long as you please—you grow more like your dad every day."

Is this not a beautiful steam press? The Steam is doing down on the press taking a nap. He came from Africa, and is seventy years old. The press prints papers. It can print 900 papers an hour. It takes one hour and forty minutes to print the edition of the paper. The paper has a circulation of thirty-seven thousand. The Business Manager says so.—[Denver Tribune.]

An Eastern contemporary is responsible for the statement that undressed kids are very stylish. "It may be all right down East to let them run around half-dressed, but in New York treatment of children would not be tolerated for an instant, style or no style."—[Cincinnati Sal. Night.]

The meanest man on record sent through a postoffice president, once by a woman, a postal card on which was written: "Dear Jack! Here's the details of this scandal!" And then the rest was in Greek.—[Boston Post.]

Mamma is jarruping papa with the mop handle. The children are fighting over a piece of pie in the kitchen. Over the piano there is a beautiful motto. The beautiful motto says there is no place like home.

## GRAND OPENING —OF THE— -KENTUCKY- ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,

Main Street, Stanford, Ky., formerly occupied by McRoberts & Stagg,

AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF

Men's and Boys' Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.,

Bought for Spot Cash, at an Immense Reduction, and I offer the same at prices which cannot fail to convince the public that

I OFFER THE GREATEST BARGAINS!

Ever offered in this or any other town. This is no bankrupt sale to run off cheap goods. I come to stay and build up a trade by treating every one politely and dealing fairly and squarely with all. No misrepresentation. Every article as represented and satisfaction guaranteed. All I ask is a fair trial.

D. KLASS.

## Planted his Coffin.

In 1844 Judge Mason planted a walnut in a particular spot on the old homestead south of Burlington. From it sprang a thrifty shoot that grew and strengthened and expanded with the course of nature into a beautiful tree. In 1877 the judge caused this tree to be cut down, sawed into lumber and stored away to become seasoned. Some time since he was taken seriously ill and, our people will recollect, was almost given up by his attendants. He did recover, however, and became quite strong again. After he was able to get out of the house he came to Mr. Isaac Prugh one day, and, telling him of the planting of the tree, with its subsequent fall at his own command, requested that whenever the time came that he should need a coffin Mr. Prugh should see that it was made from this lumber. The Saturday morning Judge Mason died the walnut boards were produced, and the next Monday he was laid away for his long sleep in the coffin, made according to his wishes from the tree he had planted thirty-eight years ago.—[Council Bluffs Nonpareil.]

## Asking Papa.

The difficulty of proposing to the young lady is not always the most serious one the suitor has to encounter. Popping the question to one's future mother-in-law, or "asking Papa," is frequently the more arduous undertaking of the two. When Prof. Ayton was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of Prof. Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father's being secured. This Ayton was much too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady herself to conduct the necessary negotiations. "We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said glorious old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to the back of your frock." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing room. Turning her round, the delighted professor read these words: "With the author's compliments."—[Chambers Journal.]

The convicted assassin appears to be hopeful of a new trial. He appears at all times cheerful. He has entirely dropped the inspiration and deity business, and now discusses his case from a common sense standpoint. For the past three or four weeks Guiteau has been exceedingly pleasant to all with whom he comes in contact. That sullen spirit which formed one of his many characteristics before conviction has entirely disappeared, and now he treats his guards and others with the utmost civility and kindness.

The young men have a way in Texas of rating the girls as they doctoon. If only moderate in style and appearance, she is good ordinary, if more than usually attractive she is good middling, but if superior in all the graces and charms, then she is the highest grade—middling fair. Further west, in the cattle region, she is a long horn if only moderate beauty, but a short horn if of superior beauty.

"I feel a poem in my heart to-night," says May A. Townsend. Now, May, a little dry magnesia will cure that kind of heartburn in five minutes. A poem rattling around in the heart must be disagreeable, very.—[New Haven Register.]

Stopping low he imprinted a kiss on her shell-like ear and murmured: "Does your mother object to me?" "No" was the blushing and frank reply; "ma says you'd make a son-in-law she could tick in about five seconds."

The man who sighs: "How soon we are forgotten!" has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find it isn't so.

Mr. J. Q. A. Lawrence, of Trenton, N. J., writes: "For several years my wife's health was very poor. It began with a miscarriage, from which she never fully recovered, and consequently suffered many aches and pains. I was advised to give her Brown's Iron Bitters. I did so. Her improvement began at once, and she says 'she now feels like a young girl.'"

## ROBT. S. LYTLE,

SUCCESSOR TO McALISTER & LYTLE,

STANFORD, - - KENTUCKY.

Having bought the McAlister interest in the above named firm at a considerable discount, I am thereby enabled to offer great inducements in prices on Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, &c. Call and see what you can do before you buy. With thanks to my friends for past favors, I hope to solicit a liberal share of the same in the future.

ROBT. S. LYTLE.

## PROFESSIONAL.

ALEX. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, DANVILLE, KY., Will practice in the Courts of Boyle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

JAMES G. OIVENS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 211 3rd St., LOUISVILLE, KY., Practices in all the Courts. Collections promptly made.

T. W. VARNON, WALLACE VARNON, T. W. & W. VARNON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STANFORD, KY., Office in Owsley & Son's new building—up stairs.

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY., Master Commissioner and County Attorney. Will practice in all the Courts of Casey and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office on Owsley & Son's new building—up stairs.

THOMAS F. HILL, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, STANFORD, KY., Will practice in the Courts of this and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office on Owsley & Son's new building—up stairs.

MASTERBORN REYNOLDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LIBERTY, KY., Will practice in all the Courts of Casey and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office over R. T. Pierce's store.

DR. J. G. CARPENTER, STANFORD, - - - - KENTUCKY, Office over Robt. S. Lytle's store. Office hours from 7 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 1 P. M.; 7 to 9 P. M.; except on Saturday, when he will go to Crab Creek and fill regular notice. (14)

LEEF. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST, STANFORD, KY., Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required.

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S., DENTIST, Will be in Stanford two weeks each month, from first Monday. Dental rooms in Mason House. (See sign.) Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary. 62

J. T. HARRIS, The Meat and Provision Store, Has for sale from \$200 to \$500 worth of Hotel Furniture, consisting of Tables, Dishes, Beds, Bedsteads, Lamps, Stoves, &c. Those wishing to buy can see him at his place of business on Main street, Stanford, Ky. 20-1

Stanford Female College. STANFORD, KY., With a Full Corps of Teachers, This Institution opened its Twelfth Session on the 23d Monday in September last.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE Are taught, as well as MORAL, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE. Tuition, per session from \$25 to \$50 in the regular Department. Primary, \$25; Intermediate \$25; Preparatory, \$40; and College, \$50.

For full particulars, as to Board, &c., address MISS S. C. TREHARNEY, Principal, Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

## H. C. RUPLEY, MERCHANT TAILOR, STANFORD, KY.,

Takes this opportunity of thanking his patrons in Stanford and vicinity for their liberal support, and hopes to retain it, as he has selected a first-class stock this season in the season, before being called over, and it

Comprises Everything that is New, From the best of Foreign Makers. They will be cut and made in first-class style. His motto is: "To Excel." Cutting and Reparing neatly and promptly done.

## GEO. D. WEAREN, STANFORD, LANCASTER and HUSTONVILLE, DEALER IN Grain, Wool, Orchard Grasses and other Seeds,

DEALER IN

FARM WAGONS, SPRING WAGONS,

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

Reapers, Self-Binders, Mowers, Hay-Rakes, Grain Drills, Corn-Planters, Sulky Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Corn-Shellers, Straw-Cutters, Hay Presses, Thrashing Machines and Engines.

And other Implements and Machinery. We buy exclusively from Manufacturers, direct, for cash, in car-load lots, and consequently obtain the largest discount and lowest rates of freight. Our motto is: "First-class Goods at Reasonable Prices—the Best is always the Cheapest." Respectfully,

GEO. D. WEAREN, Stanford, Ky., W. L. WITHERS, Manager Lancaster Depot.

GREEN & WILLIAMS, Managers Hustonville Depot.

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